



POEMS

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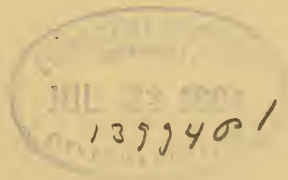
POEMS

OF

MRS. JANE E. D. CONKLIN.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel above the crowd ;
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud ;
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

—TENNYSON.



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POEMS.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

“ONCE upon a time ;” what magic
In that little sentence dwells,
What sweet memories of childhood
Like forgotten music swells.

How the weary heart turns backward
To those happy days of yore,
When we listened to the stories
Of old legendary lore.

Listened to the weird recital,
Till, amid the coming gloom,
We could fancy there were fairies
Flitting through the shadowed room.

How, in early summer mornings,
We went softly out to peep
In the chalice of the lily,
Where they said the fairies sleep.

But we never found the places
Where they hid, those laughing fays;
Yet they linger with the flowers,
Like the memory of those days.

There is not a pulse but quickens,
As the past comes back again ;
Tones, and looks, and loving voices
Echoing the sweet refrain.

Oh, what volumes of deep feeling
Vibrate to the waking chime,
Calling up the sweet remembrance
Of that once upon a time.





DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

DOWN from the cloud-capped mountain, down,
By the winding foot-path into the town.

Down through the woodland, cool and sweet,
With the slippery pine leaves beneath the feet.

Down by the quarry's shelving ledge,
Where gentian and peppermint fringe the edge.

Down through the meadows, shining bright
With the dew-drop tears of the gloomy night.

Down through the fields where the waving corn
Glints in the light of the early morn.

Down through the groves where the whispering
breeze
Tells its love-tale to the answering trees.

Over the plank that bridges the brook,
Where urchins are angling with pin for a hook.

Down past that silent town where, you know,
“The houses are all alike in a row.”

Down where the orchard's bending boughs
Droop to the reach of the dappled cows.

And so by the foot-path winding down,
The traveler comes to the bustling town.

The town with its pavements' burning glow,
Where so little is real, and so much is show.

The town where the only birds that sing,
Are those that never have freedom of wing.

The town where the rich, if not happy, are gay,
And the poor toil on in their plodding way.

Where the poet dreams within attic bounds,
And heaps up words into shapely mounds.

Where the painter pictures, in colors bright,
The scenes that never have greeted his sight.

Where the bride, as she turns from the sacred fane,
Meets at the door a funeral train.

Where riches and squalor alike abide,
And but few may walk the patrician side.

The busy town where the buzz of mill
And the hum of steam are never still.

Where the streets are filled with a merry throng,
And the air is astir with music and song.

And so, from the heaven-kissed mountain down,
The traveler passed through the dusty town ;—

The town with its sights, its clatter and heat,
Its palace-like mansions, its home-lawns neat.

He thought of the hillside's daisied bloom,
The clover and sweet-brier's wild perfume.

These he matched with the town's unsavory
 smells,
The mountain's springs, with its covered wells.

And of noisy town, or country's rest,
The traveler pondered which was best.



CENTENNIAL.

O hill-encircled Binghamton !
A hundred years ago,
Few of thy house-tops, domes, and spires
Gave back the sunset's glow.

Frail were the bridges then that spanned
Thy rivers, deep and wide ;
Thy steamer was a birch canoe,
On Susquehanna's tide.

The water-mains were tinkling rills,
That trickled down the rocks ;
The treasures of thy gas-works then
Lay hid in sable blocks.

No rattling train on iron rail
The solemn stillness broke;
No screaming locomotive's shriek
Chenango's echoes woke.

Not then upon the fragrant air
Rang out the Sabbath bell,
Nor from the distant hills returned
The faintly answering swell.

No "Shepherd's House" invitingly,
With wide-spread, open door,
Stood ready to receive the sick,
The suffering and poor.

No sheltering "Home" had then been
reared,
The orphan's head to shield,
Our nation's legacy, bequeathed
On many a battle-field.

Not then did telegraphic lines
Run thread-like through the tangled vines
That wreathed round elm and oak ;
Then, for the hum and busy strife
That now makes up thy daily life,
The wigwam's curling smoke.

And red-browed hunters chased the deer,
Or sought the fish in waters clear,
And dark-haired maidens sang
Their low-toned love songs soft and sweet,
Just where these shining rivers meet,
And thou, fair city ! sprang.

While to thy beauty, year by year,
Thy sons have added worth,
Until thy name has come to be
A proverb on the earth.

O Binghamton ! the beautiful,
In centuries to come,
When other tongues shall sing thy praise,
Our lovely valley home—

Let not thy mother-heart forget
The firstlings of thy nest,
But shrine their names in memory,
Their ashes in thy dust.





SUNNY SIDE.

'TIS beautiful on "Sunny Side"
When first the day is dawning,
And myriads of tuneful birds
Bid welcome to the morning.

When just above the eastern hills,
The golden sunshine streaming,
Awakens on Chenango's breast
The ripples from their dreaming.

'Tis brightest when the sun has kissed
The dew-drops from the flowers,
And in resplendent glory shines
The glowing noonday hours.

And fair it is at day's decline,
When kine are homeward wending,
And purple, gold, and crimson clouds
Their hues with sunset blending.

And fine it is when night has wrapped
The silent hills in shadow,
To watch the city lights come out,
Like fire-flies o'er a meadow.

'Tis weird to see, at midnight hour,
Far up Mount Prospect creeping,
The phantom forms of warrior chiefs,
Their silent watch-fires keeping.

Until from out the neighboring barns,
Some crowing notes of warning,
Send back the red men to their graves,
As breaks another morning.



LONG AGO.

WE live but in the past;
The happy long ago,
When hearts were light, and hopes were
bright,
Undimmed by coming woe.

The present has no joys,
No pleasures, no sweet flowers,
Of fragrant air, or bloom as fair,
As those of by-gone hours.

The future cannot paint
Friendships with half the glow
Of those that dwell in memory's cell,
The loved of long ago.

The present is too near,
For us to know its bliss ;
The “yet to come,” oh ! who can sum
The mystery of this ?

We live but in the past ;
What happiness we know,
Is treasured there, with miser’s care,
The blessed long ago.





LINES.

WHERE art thou now? morn's rosy beams
Call mortals from the world of dreams;
And shining dew-drops deck the lea—
Say, art thou thinking now of me?

Where art thou now? noon's sultry glow
Has hushed all hum of life below,
Save the soft murmur of the bee;
And art thou thinking now of me?

Where art thou now? the stars are set
In evening's sable coronet;
Night deepens over land and sea;
Tell me, art thinking now of me?

Where art thou now? the midnight hour
Comes softly with its mystic power.
I wake, dear one, to think of thee ;
O, art thou thinking now of me?





SONG.

PALE stars are gleaming, love,
Soft winds are sighing,
Sweet music afar, love,
In echo is dying.

Twilight is deep'ning, love,
On the blue river,
In the light zephyrs, love,
Aspen leaves quiver.

On the smooth lakelet, love,
Silver beams slumber ;
And in its clear depths, love ;
The white pebbles number.

Still I am waiting, love,
Wearying never ;
Through the dim shadows, love,
Seeking thee ever.





ROBERT BURNS.

ONCE more we meet to honor him
Whom men will ne'er forget ;
The songs he sang by Ayr and Doon,
Are echoing there yet ;

The daisies bloom as when his plow
Upturned the "bonnie gem,"
The mouse still builds its "silly walls"
Beside the barley's stem.

And even yet o'er gauze and lace
The "crowlin ferlies" creep,
And on occasions often serve
His memory to keep.

And Bruar water still laments
Her lack of bloom and shade,
The spreading thorn, and fragrant birk,
For which she humbly prayed.

He lives in every flower that blows
Beneath the Scottish sky;
We hear him 'mong the "barley rigs"
And "coming through the rye."

The "skimming swallows" swiftly fly
O'er ripening fields, as when,
With Peggy on that summer's eve,
He viewed the charming scene.

He taught that rank is but the stamp,
And man the gold's true worth;
And many a home is better for
His lowly Cotter's hearth.

Kirk Alloway's old ruined walls
His deathless name enshrine,
The very "Brigs of Ayr" recall
The bard of "Auld Lang Syne."

As long as Scottish tongues shall sing,
Or Scottish poets dream,
The name of Robert Burns will be
The all-inspiring theme.





BURNS.

MY friends, we've come, since Matthew calls,
To keep once more in Matthew's halls
The memory of Burns.

Bard of the heart, than his, what name
Has lived so lovingly in fame
A hundred years and more.

Is there a soul, or high or low,
That thrills not with a warmer glow
At mention of his rhymes?

Who has not let the starting tear
Unheeded fall in record dear
Of his fair Highland Mary?

What "brother of the mystic tie"
Recalls but with a "brimful eye"
That mason's last request?

And where is there poetic sage
Speaks with such pathos as the page
Lamenting Earl Glencairn?

And who of any clime or name,
Did ever such petitions frame,
As his faith-speaking prayers?

Such love he for Auld Scotland bare,
The rough burr-thistle he would spare,
The nation's symbol dear.

His tender heart could even mourn
The cruel plowshare that had shorn
And ruined mouse and daisy.

Who that has felt the torturing twang,
But echoes all that Robbie sang
About the toothache?

Who could like him find fitting phrase
To speak that "pudding-chieftain's" praise
The rich, warm Haggis?

And where the wit so bright, so keen,
To mark so piercingly between
Worth and hypocrisy?

Bright in the record-book of fame
There shines full many an honored name,
To memory most dear.

But loved in palace, cot, and hall,
One bears the gree aboon them all,
The name of Robert Burns.



THE BIRTHDAY OF BURNS.

THE north winds from the hills swept down,
As in the dark we struggled on,
Through the bleak streets of Binghamton,
Toward the lighted hall.

Where met a merry social throng,
To read, to speak, to sing a song,
Of him the honored bard who long
Shall be remembered.

We sang again of bonnie Doon,
And heard Bruar water's mournful croon,
Whose channel the fierce heat of noon
Was "scorching up so shallow."

With Tam O'Shanter, on a night,
We left the landlord's presence bright,
For Alloway's uncanny light,
And dance of witches.

We spake about his Cotter's hearth,
His grief when that bit mound of earth,
Was by the plowshare made no worth,
Poor mousie's dwelling.

We sang Auld Scotia's woes and wars,
Of Camerons brave, of Douglas' scars,
Wallace and Bruce, who shine as stars
In Scottish story.

The feast was spread with generous cheer,
No tempting viand but was there,
Crowned with that dish to Scotchmen dear,
A noble Haggis.

And when the keystone hour had rung,
With one voice "Auld Lang Syne" we sung,
Until the very rafters swung
 In lilting chorus.

Spirit of Burns! if aught can cheer
The gloom that broods above thy bier,
The fealty that 's paid thee here,
 Must make thee blest.





ALONE.

I AM sitting alone in the twilight,
And watching the shadows gray,
That are creeping over the tree-tops,
And chasing the light away.

While the dear ones fondly remembered,
Gather around in the gloom,
And memory's beautiful pictures
Are filling my little room.

I am listening again to the voices
That charmed me in days of yore ;
"The shadow goes back on the dial,"
And I am a child once more.

And I stand in the dear old home again,
With a loving hand in mine,
Where the crimson roses are blending
Their bloom with the fragrant vine.

Once more—but the vision has faded,
Those voices are hushed in the tomb;
Dear forms and loved faces have vanished,
Alone, alone in the gloom.





WATCHING.

THE wintry sun has set, love,
 Behind the western hills,
The frost-king's icy fingers
 Have chained the dancing rills,
The stars are coming out to hold
 Their silent jubilee,
And in the gathering twilight
 I'm watching, love, for thee.

The moonbeams through the pines, love,
 In silvery arrows fall,
The night wind stirs the woodbine
 That still clings to the wall ;

In vain beside the old white gate
I seek thy face to see,
And while the shadows deepen round,
I'm watching, love, for thee.

The old clock still ticks on, love,
Marking time's silent flight,
Its slow and measured beating
Mocks my unrest to-night ;
I cannot read, my favorite book
Has now no charm for me,
My work-box lies unopened still,—
I'm watching, love, for thee.





THE OLD GATE.

THE harvest moonbeams glimmer down
Through maple, ash, and pine,
And the dark myrtle's glossy leaves
Beneath its cold rays shine.

The weeping-willow's bending boughs
Wave in its silvery light,
But brighter than on aught it glows
On the old gate to-night.

What greetings gay, what parting words,—
Fond words remembered well,—
What whispered vows, and soft replies,
Might not that old gate tell.

Once thence passed out a funeral train,
In all its sad array,—
'Twas my first grief, the first dark cloud
That crossed my life's glad way.

Dear blessed one, whose spirit pure
Among the stars of even,
Still watches o'er my earthly way,
From her bright home in heaven.

Oft have I stood beside that gate
With dear friends by my side,—
Friends scattered like the autumn leaves
The winds have swept aside.

Yet still in some glad future hour,
With patient hope I wait,
To see them face to face within
The golden city's gate.



IN MEMORIAM.

MISS REBECCA R. DICKENS. DIED, JANUARY, 1864.

THE weary day at last is done,
And now amid the gloom
And shadows of this place of rest,
A pilgrim wayworn and oppressed,
Seeks here a narrow room.

It was a morn in summer time
When she set out. The sun
Sent forth his arrowy beams of light,
To tell the flowers that the night
Was gone, and day begun.

The murmur of the rippling stream
Fell softly on her ear,

Like some sweet melody of old,
Some story which, though often told,
Becomes each time more dear.

And as she journeyed on, dear friends
Came round her one by one,
And love and friendship whiled away
The hours of that summer's day,
Until she reached life's noon.

That noonday sun had parched the flowers
That made her pathway bright,
And as the lengthening shadows grew,
Friends passed away, not one she knew
Had journeyed on till night.

Some sought a nearer way to reach
The city's golden gate,
Some laid them down beneath the trees
That quivered in each passing breeze,
The coming eve to wait.

Some, turning back their weary gaze,
Grieved for the morning hours,
That were unheeded flung aside,
Borne onward by time's rapid tide,
With all life's fairest flowers.

She comes alone, no mourner's tear
Falls her low bed above,
None weep for her who wept for all,
Whose heart responded to each call,
For sympathy and love.

She scattered flowers on every grave,
None bloom above her own.
What matters it—since she has won,
For all eternity, a crown—
That she comes here alone.



FOUR YEARS AGO TO- DAY.

1864.

THE year was dying, one by one
The dead leaves dropped away,
And floated sadly to their graves,
Four years ago to-day.
Behind the gold-edged, purple clouds
The autumn sun went down,
And in its soft reflected light
The broad blue river shone.

As on that river's grassy bank
The twilight gathered fast,
They pause, that little group, to take
One lingering look—the last,

For never when the crimson leaves
Are falling in the glen,
Will they beside that river watch
The sunset fade again.

One, sees far brighter sunsets glow
On fair Italian shores,
One, slumbers in a dreamless sleep
Where proud Niagara roars ;
And one, a pale young widow now,
Oft strays beside the stream ;
Where, just four years ago to-day,
Began her life's brief dream.

One, fills a soldier's honored grave
Beneath Virginia's sod,
Above him waves the dear old flag,
For which he shed his blood.
One, where the lurid camp fires burn,
Paces his lonely way,
Beyond the Mississippi's wave,
On picket guard to-day.

One, watches still the fading light
Pale in the purple west,
When gold and crimson autumn leaves
Float softly to their rest ;
Until they meet by fairer streams,
Once more, that little band,
Where shining waves gleam in the light
Of yonder better land.





AFTER MANY DAYS.

IN FOREST HILL CEMETERY, UTICA.

I CAME once more to my native town,
And I traversed the well-known street,
And I marked how the pavement was scarred and
worn
With the treading of many feet.

I marveled much at the spreading trees
That lined the beautiful way,
For I saw my father set them out,
And it seemed but the other day.

I came again to the low-roofed cot
Where once was Miss Dickens' school,
Ah! the daisies have bloomed these seven years
Over her who there held rule.

As I lingered, the little room seemed filled
 With the faces and forms of yore,
And I almost heard the busy hum
 As of old through the open door.

And then I came to the dear old church,
 Where I used in my early days
To hear of the beauty of holiness,
 And the peace of wisdom's ways.

But the white-robed priest in the chancel fair,
 Was not the loved rector of old,
And strangers were in the well-known pews,
 And their voices were harsh and cold.

And then I came to the sacred spot
 Where my own happy home had been—
Oh! words cannot picture the feelings that rushed
 On the flood-tide of memory then.

I paused in my way, and gazed up through my tears
At those few tall old forest trees ;
Of all the bright things of my beautiful home,
There only remained to me these.

And next I came to that silent town
Which lies just over the hill,
Where we carry our loved ones to lay them at rest,
When the brain and the fingers are still.

Ah ! here were my friends, so said many a stone,
The teacher with most of her class,
And the rector I'd missed in yon little brown
church,
All slumbering under the grass.

And here rests my own blessed mother, the clasp
That held the charmed circle of home,
Asleep in the Lord, in His likeness to rise,
When CHRIST in His kingdom shall come.

The old doctor is here, and the deacon close by,
And the young girl who sang in the choir,
And the soldier who perished amid the dark waves,
In sight of the enemy's fire.

Oh! the sadness and pain overbalance the joy,
When we come after many days,
To miss the loved faces and wander alone
In the dear—the familiar old ways.





IN MEMORIAM.

REV. CHARLES H. PLATT. DIED 1869.

How shall we tread again those sacred courts
Where echo still his words ; and he not there
To sing with us the songs of praise he loved,
Or join his voice with ours in common prayer?

How shall we kneel beside the chancel rail,
A mournful weeping, sorely stricken band,
Knowing that never more shall we again
Receive the bread of life from that dear hand?

Who now shall pour the bright baptismal drops,
With faithful prayer, upon our children's brows?
And who for them shall clasp the marriage band,
Or bless with holy words the plighted vows?

Ah ! who like him can comfort those who mourn,
Or speak sweet words of peace to souls distressed ?
Who kneel beside the Christian's dying bed,
Or point the weary to a place of rest ?

And he, for whom our earnest prayers went up
From the home altar daily morn and night,
That blessings with the sunshine and the dew
Might ever make our Pastor's pathway bright.

Needs then no more the sunshine and the dew,
Alike unheeded gem his lowly bed,

Unfinished.





GLENWOOD CEMETERY.

BINGHAMTON.

SWEET be their slumber, calm their sleep,
Who lie within this shade,
Where for the weary ones of earth
A resting-place is made.

Here shall the earliest buds of spring
First waken into bloom,
To typify the life that yet
Shall blossom from the tomb.

Here age, and youth, and manhood's prime,
Alike shall find repose,
Unharm'd by summer's burning heat,
Unchilled by winter's snows.

Beneath this daisy-sprinkled sod,
The infant form shall rest
As safely as if pillowed on
The tender mother's breast.

Here shall the war-worn soldier sleep,
Forgetful of his wounds,
Where viewless sentinels are set
To guard these hallowed grounds.

Here shall no evil spirits come,
No formless phantom dread,
But only star-crowned angels keep
Their vigils o'er our dead.

Here, when the bugle sounds retreat,
From toil and care set free,
We'll leave our loved ones to await
The final reveille.



MEMORIAL DAY.

WE gather once more around the graves
Of comrades who fell at our side;
Comrades who loved the dear old flag,
And for that dear flag they died.

These are they, who left home and loved ones,
With all that those precious words hold,
For the terrors of war, and those prisons,
Whose horrors can never be told.

They have camped with us many a night,
They have marched with us many a day—
Been with us on guard, in tent, and field,
And many a bloody fray.

As green as the grass is above them,
 So green shall their memory be ;
As long shall they live in story,
 As rivers run to the sea.

We deck their low beds with fair flowers,
 The types of our dead comrades' lives ;
The dew-drops that nourished these blossoms,
 Are tears of their orphans and wives.

We mourn for the hearts that are silent,
 We mourn that their blood had need flow ;
But we glory that though they are fallen,
 They fell with the face to the foe.

Sleep on in your honored graves, comrades,
 The flag that you perished to free,
Shall guard, through the storm and the sun-
 shine,
Your rest till the last reveille.



THE DEATH OF LEDA.

HER little crib is vacant,
Her little voice is hushed,
They've laid thy darling Leda
Down in the silent dust.

An unseen hand has beckoned
Thy little one away ;
A band of angels led her
To realms of endless day.

No sunshine there is needed,
For all is glorious light,
In that far world where flowers
Bloom ever fair and bright.

O mourn not for thy darling,
Though in the tomb she sleep,
For o'er her holy angels
Their constant vigils keep.





ANOTHER GRAVE.

THERE'S another grave in the lone church-yard,
And the chilling autumn rain
Falls coldly over the pulseless heart
That will never more know pain.

And the dreary November day has closed
In another darkened home,
Whose hope and joy and light are quenched
In the midnight of the tomb.

And the hopes of years were crushed when to-day
The sleeper in yonder row,
Came where the houses are all alike,
The houses of high and low.

And a grave was made in a stricken heart
When they bore the lifeless clay
Out through the cheerless November rain,
From the house across the way.





T O D. M.

ARE you still in this wearisome world, cousin,
Or have crossed to the shining shore,
And singing the songs of the angels
With those whom you loved of yore?

Have you clasped on the other side the hands
Of father, of mother, of wife,
Of kindred, of neighbors, and children,
Whose love was the sunshine of life?

Have you found the rest that remaineth,
The peace that no mortal may know?
Have you tasted the living waters
Of streams that in Paradise flow?

Or still are you watching and waiting,
'Till the golden gates shall unfold,
And you enter through death's dark portals
On joys that no tongue has told ?

Oh ! cousin dear, send me some message,
By mortal or "medium" hand,
Tell me, have you crossed the dark river,
Or linger still on the strand ?





I DREAMED THAT IT WAS SUMMER TIME.

I DREAMED that it was summer time,
And you and I together
Had wandered down a country lane,
In June's unrivalled weather.

And now and then we lingered where
The grass and ferns grew brightest,
Or strayed within the meadow's bounds
Where clover blooms were whitest.

And when on sunny slopes we found
The fragrant pink May-flower,
You twined its blossoms in my hair,
To grace the passing hour.

And then you whispered in my ear
Soft words of such sweet meaning,
As stirred my heart to quicker throbs,
That woke me from my dreaming.





THE MORNING SUN.

'TIS morn, the cock's shrill voice is heard,
The sunshine gilds each spire,
The burnished emblem on yon dome
Looks like a cross of fire.

Through crimson folds the softened light
On the rich carpet falls,
And lovingly it lingers round
The pictures on the walls.

It shines through the uncurtained pane
Upon the poor man's floor,
And dances merrily about
The humble cottage door

To happy homes and joyous hearts
The golden sunbeams come,
And through the prisoner's window streams
To cheer his narrow room.

To the wan invalid's pale lips,
Its presence brings a smile,
And even makes the mourner's heart
Forget its griefs awhile.

Praise to the great All Father's care,
Who makes the glad sun rise
Upon the evil and the good,
The simple and the wise.



A DAY'S RECORD.

THE latest gleam of purple light
Upon the hills has died away,
And with that fading glow has gone
The record of a day.

How often through this day has he
Whose pen records good actions done,
Borne tidings of some pious deed
Up to the great white Throne?

And in that other book, just closed,
As daylight darkens into gloom,
What countless sins are written down
To wait the day of doom?

What misspent time, what idle words,
What want of charity is there,
How oft the thoughts were wand'ring while
The lips breathed words of prayer.

The firm resolve so soon forgot,
The broken vow recalled with shame,
Just when we thought ourselves most strong
Temptation overcame.

How careless words have grieved the heart
We would have died to shield from pain,
How sins that easily beset,
Have triumphed once again.

O, who unfalt'ringly may read
The fearful record of a day,
Where no repenting tears have washed
A single line away?



THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

ONCE more the chiming church bells tell
Of one blest day in seven,
And bid us leave the world's fierce strife,
Forget our weary path of life,
And think awhile of heaven.

Once more the Temple's hallowed courts
Are thronged with eager feet,
Once more its sleeping echoes wake,
While holy prayers the silence break,
Where Christian brethren meet.

The sorrow-laden soul finds here
A balm for all its woes,

And here repenting sinners bend,
And to the contrite sinner's Friend
Their every grief disclose.

Here, too, the joyous hearts whose cup
With blessings runneth o'er,
Find fitting words to speak His praise
Whose loving hand has crowned their days,
Whose angels guard their door.

O Thou by whom these precious hours
For holy rest are given,
Grant us to offer in this place,
Such worship that each day of grace
May bring us nearer heaven !



THE CHURCH IN THE FOREST.

It was an humble house of prayer
Among the forest trees,
The only sound that stirred the air
The rustling leaves that whispered there,
And quivered in the breeze.

No pealing organ's swelling note,
No marble font was there,
No painted window veiled the light,
No costly carpet met the sight,
No carving quaint and rare.

Beside the rude uncushioned desk
The aged pastor waits,

Whose silvered hair and dimming eye
Tell that his steps are drawing nigh
The golden city's gates.

He prayed the same dear prayers the Church
For centuries has prayed.
Anthem, and chant, and hymn were sung,
While through the woods the echoes rung,
And sacred creed was said.

And then he told in simple words
The story of the Cross,
And of His love who for our sake
A lowly place on earth could take,
Despising shame and loss.

No studied rhetoric was his,
No speech well framed with art,
And yet his words were eloquent,
And zeal a holy fervor lent,
That touched each listening heart.



AFTER SERVICE.

THE words of blessing die away
In transept, nave, and aisle,
And one by one the worshipers
Have left the sacred pile.

And all is shadowed now in gloom,
Save where in silvery ray,
The moonbeams through some broken arch
Or painted window stray.

Yet comes no silence in this place,
For all the hallowed air
Is fragrant with the incense-breath
Of many an earnest prayer.

And still around the ancient font
Lingers the solemn vow,
Was registered when those bright drops
Fell on each infant brow.

Here echo still the holy words
Of that thrice blessed hymn,
Where, in the church on earth, they sang
The song of Seraphim.

Anthem, and chant, and sacred creed,
And prayer, and psalm divine,
Here mingle in one ceaseless strain
Before the altar's shrine.





MARCH.

AGAIN, rude March, thy hoarse, wild voice
 Roars through the forest bleak ;
• The hollow echoes from the hills,
The waking of the mountain rills,
 Of Spring's glad coming speak.

The dripping eaves, the blackened lines
 That mark the beaten way,
Innumerable streams that flow
In zigzag channels through the snow,
 And o'er the foot-paths stray.

Old chanticleer's shrill clarion
 That wakes the morning air,

The softened glow that lights the west
When fading sunbeams sink to rest,
Tell us of days more fair.

Of days when singing birds shall come,
And zephyr's call shall bring
The hyacinth and primrose bloom,
And sweet blue violet's perfume,
To welcome back the Spring.





MAY.

THE dew upon the daisies,
The buds on spray and bough,
The robin seeking insects
In the furrows of the plow.

The snowy cherry-blossoms,
The crimson-flowered vine,
That wreathes its glowing colors
With the twining dark woodbine.

The purple clustered lilacs,
The murmur of the bee,
The fragrant lily of the vale,
Speak, lovely Spring! of thee.

The tiny streamlet gliding
 Along its sunny way,
The incense-breathing flowers
 That deck the brow of May.

The tinkle of the rain-drops
 Upon the sloping roof,
The nest beneath the shadow
 Of the maple's leafy woof.

The group of merry children
 Beside the cottage door,
Rejoice that butterflies have come,
 And winter is no more.

The little happy faces,
 The joyous shouts that ring,
All join the swelling chorus
 That welcomes thee, O Spring !



SEPTEMBER.

THE apple-boughs are drooping
With their wealth of red and gold,
Where the sunshine and the shadows
Weave a network on the mould ;
The glow of early autumn
Has purpled o'er the hills,
And a dewy mist is veiling
The river and the rills.

The humming-bird and blue-bird
With the wren have flown away,
And the robin only lingers
While the bending branches sway,

With their weight of crimson clusters,
Where the mountain ashes grow,
And the elderberries ripen
On the sunny slope below.

The yellow grain is gathered,
And the maize its countless ears
O'er all the plain is shooting up,
Like stacks of golden spears ;
From barn to barn is echoed
The sound of the busy flail,
And from the distant fields is heard
The cry of the lonely quail.

The chestnut boughs are studded
With the thickly bristling burrs,
And dying maple leaves float down,
With the lightest breeze that stirs ;
The purple deepens daily,
As the grapes swell on the vine,
And with scarlet-bloom and gentians,
The woods and brooksides shine.

And other fruits have ripened
With the summer's waning sun,
Where, day-by-day, God's husbandmen
Their work have nobly done ;
Countless golden sheaves are garnered
In the great barns of the sky,
Waiting for the Master's summons
To the " Harvest Home " on high.





NOVEMBER.

THE flowers are gone from the mountains,
Their fragrance is lost in the vale,
Now hushed is the play of the fountain,
And withered leaves float on the gale.

The rose by the river is faded,
They've garnered the bright golden grain,
The bloom of fair summer is shaded,
And chill falls the drear autumn rain.

Brown nuts in the forest are falling,
Red apples lie heaped near the mills,
The bleak northern wind is now calling
Through lone vales and o'er the bare hills.

Soon snow-wreaths of winter will cover
With beautiful garment the plain,
But from those sad days we shall ever
Look for the sweet summer again.

Not so in the heart's sad December;
When hope's cherished flowers are gone,
No spring comes, we only remember
The beautiful past that has flown.





THE SEASONS.

How beautiful is springtime,
 When gold-green feathery shoots
Veil, with a beauty all their own,
 Old mosses' matted roots ;
When pearly snowdrops gem the sod,
 And young grass lines the way,
While fragrant fruit-trees' radiant bloom
 Gleams bright on every spray.

How beautiful is summer,
 With the birds' wild burst of song,
The insects' hum, the summer sounds,
 That lure the hours along.

She scatters roses at our feet,
And gold among the grain ;
She gathers odors on the breeze,
And sunshine to the plain.

How beautiful is autumn,
With its gorgeous tinted leaves,
Its crimson apples heaped in mounds,
Its gathered golden sheaves,
Its purple grapes, its falling nuts,
Its short grass crisp and brown,
Its mellow light, while summer sounds
Grow silent one by one.

But winter with its ice-bound rills—
Earth 'neath its funeral pall—
Winter is to the trusting heart
Most beautiful of all ;
For looking up through leafless trees,
We see in heaven's deep blue,
As we could never see till now
The bright stars shining through.



H O M E W A R D .

IT may be where calm waters sleep
 Beneath the quiet sky,
With many an island green and fair,
And many a star reflected there,
 Thy bark glides smoothly by.

It may be where the crested waves
 Fling back the beaded spray,
Where sunken rocks on every side
Lie hid beneath the foaming tide,
 Along the dreary way.

It may be where wild tempests rave,
 And surging billows roar,

While deepest blackness hides the hand
That guides thy vessel to the strand
And brings thee safe to shore.

“So,” whether on the sunlit lake,
Or on the stormy main,
Yet even so, He bringeth thee
Safe to the port where thou wouldst be,
The haven thou wouldst gain.





ADVENT.

HE cometh ! on the eastern hills
Breaks the graylight of morn,
And from the far off mountain, sounds
Of chariot wheels are borne.

Uncertain, low, and distant, yet
They not less truly tell
How far the night is spent, how soon
The trumpet's call may swell.

Long was the night, six thousand years,
Darkened with sin and woe,
Since angels sang in songs of praise
A perfect world below.

He cometh ! still the waiting Church
Her Advent vigils keep,
Lest, coming suddenly, He find
The sentinels asleep.

He cometh ! when, we may not know,
Yet watch we year by year,
The fading stars whose lessening glow
Tells us the day is near.





LENT.

Now turn we from the joyful song
That waked our Christmas morn
When angels brought to earth the news,
“The Saviour, Christ, is born.”

Turn we to the lone wilderness,
On the steep mountain side,
Where vainly on the Lord of life
The tempter's arts were tried.

“The fairest kingdoms of the earth,”
“Ambition's highest tower,”
The answer, “It is written,” thrice
Defied the tempter's power.

Turn we to search our hearts and find,
Hidden and cherished there,
Some sin that only goeth out
By fasting and by prayer.

Turn we to Him who in His wrath
Remembers mercy still,
And who with penitential joy,
The contrite heart can fill.

Turn we in deep humility,
To mourn and fast and pray,
That His fierce anger may be stayed,
His judgments turned away.

O! lead us to the mount apart,
Where Faith's clear eye may see
The glory of thy presence, Lord.
As did the favored three.



L E N T.

ONCE more our Holy Mother Church
Calls us to fast and pray—
To leave the flower-bordered path,
The pleasant, sunny way,

And walk awhile with her apart
Where Lenten shadows lie,
And trace the Master's steps along
The road to Calvary.

Gladly we followed her in feast,
And joyous festive days,
When Easter morn and Whitsun-tide
Awoke our songs of praise.

We listened to the merry chime
When Christmas bells were rung,
And heard, beneath the cedar boughs,
The Christmas carols sung.

We watched with her the light that beamed
On Gentile lands afar,
When eastern Magii first beheld
The glory of that star.

And still we follow where she leads,
Where holy men of yore,
Apostles, martyrs, saints, have walked
Whose earthly work is o'er.

And now in sorrow, as in joy,
She gathers home her own,
For only they who bear the cross
Can ever wear the crown.



E A S T E R .

HE is not here ! the silent gloom
That gathers now in Joseph's tomb
Shrouds not the crucified ;
Ye seek in vain for him who said :
“ Only three days among the dead
“ The Son of Man shall bide ! ”

The Lord is risen ; now no more
The thronging crowd on Jordan's shore
Shall listen to His word ;
No more in lone Gethsemane,
Or on thy blue waves, Galilee,
That gracious voice be heard.

Impotent now, the swelling tide
Of blinded zeal and Jewish pride
That still refuse to own
In the meek, lowly Nazarene
Of gentle voice and humble mien,
King David's royal son.

The dawn of that first Easter Day
Saw angels roll the stone away
And our Redeemer rise ;
Soon the last Easter morn shall break,
And all his ransomed ones awake,
To dwell in Paradise.





WHEN THE DEAD RISE.

O! WHO can picture the wondrous sight
Where the dead in CHRIST shall rise
And hasten forth from their long, long sleep,
When He cometh from the skies?
When the sea shall bring from its slimy depths
The forms it so long has hid,
And the churchyard bones will stir to life
'Neath the crumbling coffin-lid?

Then up from chancel, abbey and aisle,
Shall bishop and baron spring,
And the dust that has slept a thousand years
In the catacombs, shall sing.

The mother will fold in her arms the babe
That was hers for a little time,
And the father will meet the son who went down
To the grave in manhood's prime.

The ashes that lie beneath these sods,
Shall then change into living men,
And the parted hands which the priest had
joined,
Will meet and clasp again.
The bitterest grief that earth can give
Shall then at last be healed
For the MOTHER will smile on her orphaned ones
When they wake in the burial-field.

O! the wondrous sight in that blessed day,
When CHRIST'S redeemed shall rise
With glorified bodies to meet their Lord
When He cometh from the skies.

That last great day when the Lord will come,
Shall a day thrice blessed be,
For these waiting eyes will then behold
The Saviour who died for me.





THE REST THAT RE- MAINETH.

THERE is no spot so passing fair
In all earth's vine-wreathed bowers,
That sin's dark shadow may not fall
O'er all its beauty, as the pall
Shuts some dear face from ours.

Only in yonder world above,
No mourner's sigh is heard ;
Sin lurks not there with poisoned breath,
No cold, dark grave is there, no death,
Nor any parting word.

No withered leaves, no fading flower,
No sunset's dying glow,

No evening shades, no midnight gloom,
In that bright land beyond the tomb,
As in this world below.

No sunken cheek, no furrowed brow,
No aching heart is there,
No form bowed down with grief and years,
No pale, sad eye grown dim with tears,
No sorrow-laden prayer.

There, only there, is perfect peace,
There only, rest for those
Who, weary with the toils of life,
Its ceaseless cares, and endless strife,
Endure unto the close.





BAPTISM.

PUT all thy armor on,
For thou wilt need it now,
Before thee is the crown,
The cross is on thy brow.

Take up the burnished shield,
The breastplate and the sword,
To serve thee in the field,
Sworn soldier of thy Lord.

Neglect not to be shod
With words of Gospel peace;
Rough is the narrow road,
And thorny till it cease.

Pray for strength from on high,
Still striving, pressing on,
Nor lay thine armor by,
Until the crown be won.





CONFIRMATION.

MAY 24, 1871.

“THE Lord is my Shepherd,” ’twas so they sang,
And one by one arose
The sheep who had strayed from that Shepherd’s
fold
And wandered among His foes.

“The Lord is my Shepherd,” the lambs came too,
For they knew His loving care
Had guarded their brief young lives thus far,
And they came to confess Him there.

And they all knelt down where the holy Dove
Abides in the temple here,
And asked for the spirit of counsel, and strength,
And knowledge, and holy fear.

Then a voice, so gentle it almost seemed
The Shepherd's very own,
Prayed, "Ever, Lord, defend Thy child,"
And blessed them every one.

Then they all went forth on their different ways,
While echoed, the aisles along,
"The Lord is my Shepherd, my shield and strength,
My salvation and my song."

May He be their song all their days on earth,
Till they say with their latest breath,
"The Lord is my Shepherd, He leadeth me now
Through the valley and shadow of death."





AT EVENING TIME IT
SHALL BE LIGHT.

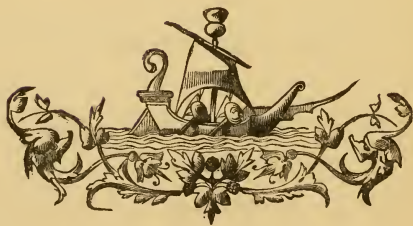
ZECH. XIV. 7.

HAST ever seen at morn
Cloud after cloud arise,
Until one leaden hue
Was spread o'er all the skies?

Hast watched the ceaseless storm
Throughout the weary day,
While through the mist and gloom
Came not one cheering ray?

Hast watched, through wind and rain
And clouds, the coming night,
Till in the west has glowed
A sudden blaze of light?

So life may be all dark,
While storms and clouds betide,
Yet HE has said, "It shall
Be light at evening tide."





CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
Thy glorious majesty ;
And yet a temple made with hands,
We build, O Lord, for thee.

Oh ! let Thy never-sleeping eye
Be open day and night
Toward this place, and let its walls
Be precious in thy sight.

When famine, pestilence, or drouth,
Or enemies invade,
And in this place Thy people pray,
Hear, Lord, and lend them aid.

When here they bring their children, Lord,
To shelter in Thy fold,
Receive and bless them as Thou didst
Those little ones of old.

When here, the bridegroom and the bride
Make solemn vows to Thee,
Be present, Lord, as thou wast with
That pair in Galilee.

When here they bring the confined dust
With bitter grief and pain,
Be theirs the promise Martha heard,
"Thy dead shall rise again."

And hear, when in this house they meet,
To mourn, and fast, and pray,
That for our great high-priest's dear sake,
Thy wrath may turn away.

Grant, Lord, that when Thy sacred word
Is spoken in this place,
All those who hear may feel its truth
And triumph in Thy grace.

And hearken when their songs of praise
Their grateful thanks proclaim,
And let this be Thy dwelling place,
Where Thou wilt write Thy name.





OUR FATHER.

WHERE through the lofty arches ring
The swelling organ's tone,
While hundreds in the grand old church
Kneel at the mercy throne.

Where some more humble temple tells
Of hope beyond the tomb,
Or where but two or three are met
In some small upper room.

Whene'er from contrite hearts ascends
The incense-breath of prayer,
First, as our blessed Saviour taught,
Our Father's name is there.

It trembles on the lips of age
Whose hold of earth is gone,
Who feels, but for that Father's love,
Forsaken and alone.

'Tis whispered where that little group
Of weeping mourners bend
To Him who hears the fatherless,
And is the widow's friend.

In broken accents childhood lisps
With its first prayer, His name,
To whom in humble faith we come
A Father's care to claim.

Where bright baptismal waters flow,
Or wedding guests are met,
Or where on some pale sufferer's brow
The seal of death is set.

Where'er our holy Church is found,
She bids her children say—
As once the Master bade the twelve—
“Our Father,” when they pray.





WHERE ARE THE NINE?

LUKE, XVII. 17.

WHEN sweet church bells with solemn chime
 Bid to the house of prayer,
How few from out the great world come
 To seek a blessing there ;
How few will hear the Saviour's call,
 Or heed His voice divine,
And when but two or three are met
 He asks, " Where are the nine ? "

When humbly kneeling at the font
 Repenting sinners bend,

And in His own appointed way
 Seek Jesus for their friend,
How many turn their steps aside
 Nor heed the sacred shrine,
He asks who shed His precious blood
 For all, "Where are the nine?"

When holy hands in prayer are laid
 On those sworn soldiers true,
Who come, their early vows to pay,
 Their promise to renew,
All are not there upon whose brows
 Was sealed the sacred sign;
In the dark wilderness of sin
 Still stray the thankless nine.

When at the table of their Lord
 Adoring Christians meet,
Where are all those who should have come
 To worship at His feet?

And when at last the Lord of life
Shall in full glory shine,
And call His faithful children home,
O ! where will be the nine?





IT MUST NEEDS BE.

ALTHOUGH the bitter cup
Is brimming o'er with woe,
And through the dark'ning sorrow-cloud,
No ray of light may glow,

The great All-Father sees
That so "it must needs be,"
He knows the rough and thorny road,
The safest path for thee.

Is it some narrow mound,
Just heaped above the heart
So dear, so loved, it almost seemed
Of thy own life a part?

Or deeper still the wound,
Coldly has turned away
Some cherished one with whom is gone
The sunshine of thy day?

There was a "must needs be,"
Lest to an earthly one
We give the worship of a heart
Should be the Lord's alone.

Or is it thine to bear
Disease and slow decay,
While sleepless nights, and days of pain,
Pass wearily away?

Yet so "it must needs be,"
Here firmly let us rest,
He does not send one needless pang
To any human breast.



STARLIGHT.

NOT when morning light is breaking
Over river, hill, and plain,
And the woodland echoes answer
To the song-bird's sweetest strain.

Not while noonday's glowing sunlight
Makes our pathway bright and fair,
And the fragrance of the flowers
Perfumes all the summer air.

Not until the evening shadows
Deepen in the midnight sky,
Do we see the silver brightness
Of the shining stars on high.

So in life's bright day of gladness,
We see not hope's pale starlight,
Those sweet words of holy promise
Only come in sorrow's night.





ACROSS THE RIVER.

ACROSS yon river's shining waves,
I've watched the golden light,
That slumbers on the purple hills
And on the mountain's height.

Full well I know beyond those hills
A fairer city lies—
With towers, minarets, and walls—
Than ever met mine eyes.

My thoughts were wont to linger there,
For on that other side,
Dwelt many friends, who long ago
Had crossed the swelling tide.

But now I feel an interest there
I never felt before,
For all that made life beautiful
Is on that farther shore.

The jeweled links that bound me here
Have fallen one by one,
And now the chain is worthless quite,
The precious clasp is gone.

Fain would I climb the distant hills
Which hide that city fair,
For all my treasure, all my hope,
And all my heart is there.





THE WIDOW OF SA- REPTA.

NOT to the rich who had much goods
Laid up for many years,
Not unto those for whom the drouth
And famine had no fears ;

But to the widow's lowly home,
Of poor and humble name,
According to the Lord's command,
Of old the prophet came.

Gladly she ran to fetch a cup
Of water from the rill,
That once had been a broad, deep stream,
Beneath the vine-clad hill.

But when he bade her dress for him
Her scanty store of food,
What wonder if the widow paused,
And half reluctant stood.

She looked abroad, the smiling fields
Where once the bending grain
Ripened beneath the summer's sun,
Were now a barren plain.

Oft had she gleaned the purple grapes
On yonder hillside fair,
But now the vineyard was laid waste,
The brown hill parched and bare.

No longer springs the tender grass
Where once whole herds were fed ;
Where, then, in all this dreary land,
Should she find daily bread ?

“ Thus saith the Lord, until the earth
Shall teem with life again,
Thou shalt not lack for corn or oil,
Thy household to sustain.”

O for that widow's trusting faith,
To help the poor distressed,
Well knowing what we give will bring
A blessing on the rest.





LINES.

THE SUN WAS RISEN UPON THE EARTH WHEN LOT ENTERED INTO
ZOAR.—GENESIS XIX. 23.

FORTH from their home, ere yet the mist
 Had climbed the mountain's side,
Ere yet upon the folded flowers
 The last night's dew had dried,

Nor might they give one backward glance,
 Or linger in the plain,
Where on their kindred and their home
 Fast fell the fiery rain.

With hast'ning steps and aching hearts
 Up the steep way they fled ;
While all that made life beautiful
 Lay ruined, crushed, and dead.

And yet the shining river sang
And rippled on its way,
And birds and bees woke with the dawn
That brightened into day.

And sunrise with its golden beams
Gave to the earth new life;
And with the hum of summer sounds
The fragrant air was rife.

Thus in our saddest, darkest days,
The sunshine gleams as bright
As if there were no stricken hearts
Shrouded in sorrow's night.





WHAT IS HEAVEN?

Is it within the gates of pearl
To walk the golden street?
Is it beside the stream of life
Death-severed friends to meet?

Is it to wear a martyr's crown?
To share a judge's throne?
To have a new name graved by God
Upon a pure white stone?

With David, Noah, Daniel, Job,
And faithful Abraham,
And Mary, Lazarus, and John,
Beloved of the Lamb,

To sing the song of Seraphim ?
To strike an angel's lyre ?
To hear the Master's welcome voice
Bidding us "go up higher" ?

To be forever free from sin
And sorrow, with the blest,
Where pain and death come not, and where
The weary are at rest ?

Is it among the saints to wear
A robe of spotless white ?
To dwell in that bright world of day—
A day that has no night ?

All this were bliss beyond compute,
The glorious gift of Grace,
But, oh ! the joy of heaven is this—
That "we shall see HIS face."



TO REV. DR. VAN DEU-
SEN.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

BELOVED friend, in this sad hour
We too, though far away,
Mingle our tears and prayers with theirs
Who for their Pastor pray.
And we may weep—the Master wept—
For human hearts are flesh,
And wounds, however kindly given,
Will bleed when they are fresh.

I know the hope beyond the grave
Is all the mourner's stay,
Yet well I know that sympathy
Cheers somewhat the dark day ;

Never forgetful of the time
When we, too, felt the smart,
And that dear Pastor's words were balm
To the torn bleeding heart.

We pray the blessed Comforter
To lighten day by day
The heavy cloud that darkens now
Our honored Pastor's way,
Until on that bright "other side,"
Each severed link and strand,
In reunited order makes
One whole unbroken band.





GO WORK TO-DAY IN MY VINEYARD.

WE may not idle, for, alas!

The laborers are few ;

The Master bids us work to-day,

And there is much to do.

To speak kind words to those who faint

Beside the narrow way,

To bring back those whose erring feet

Have wandered far astray.

To weep with those whose stricken hearts

Are of all joy bereft,

To comfort those to whom no hope

Save that of heaven is left.

To pray for those who never pray,
To watch our hearts with care,
Lest in an evil hour the thief
May find an entrance there.

O think not they alone are called,
Who preach the sacred word,
There's work enough for all who seek
To labor for the Lord.





A LITTLE WHILE.

ONLY a little while,
 To bear this heavy load;
Only a little while,
 To tread this weary road.

A little while to strive
 With sorrow, sin, and loss;
Unmurm'ring to endure
 Our heaven-appointed cross.

Submissively to bow
 Beneath the chast'ning rod,
And follow day by day
 The steps our Saviour trod.

A little while to wait,
In His good time and way
The night of grief will end
In everlasting day.





BEREAVEMENT.

AH! who may whisper words of cheer
Where all the light of life is gone :
Words that sound cold and harsh to those
Who listen for one voice alone.

Our aching hearts, our streaming tears,
Are vain to soothe their grief and pain,
And all our sympathy and love
Cannot bring back the lost again.

O Thou All-wise, whose chast'ning hand
Has laid their treasure in the dust,
Speak comfort to that mourning band,
In Thee, O Lord, alone they trust.

Almighty Father, it is Thine
Alone to bid their sorrows cease ;
Lift up Thy countenance on them,
O Gracious God, and give them peace.





LAST YEAR'S ALMANAC.

IT was tossed aside with a careless fling,
When the old year had passed away,
Unheeded its record of shine and shade
That brightened or saddened each day.

And yet hath it many a tale to tell
Of hope, of joy, and of sorrow,
Of many a clouded and sad to-day,
With a rainbow-hued to-morrow.

It tells of a day when a bridal wreath
Had been twined for a fair young brow,
When, hand clasping hand, two loving hearts
Had been joined in a holy vow.

It tells of a day when a widow's tears
Fell like rain o'er the lifeless clay
Of her only son, whose strong young arm
Should have been her prop and stay.

It tells of a day when a strange, sweet sound
In the quiet old house was heard,
When the faint, weak cry of that young new
voice
The heart's deepest feelings had stirred.

It tells of a day when the harvest was done,
And they reckoned the yield of the land,
And grain and the fruit of the plentiful year,
For the Lord has withheld not His hand.

It tells of a day when the busy hands
Of the mother lay folded in rest,
When the sheltering love of her tender heart
Had been torn from the sweet home-nest.

And it tells of many a weary watch
By the bedside where death hovered near;
It tells of glad meetings, and partings sad,
That scroll of the just dead year.

And yet you will find, if you only read
Its true record of days aright,
In the hours that made up the year that is gone
There wasn't more darkness than light.





NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

WHAT shall I choose for a New Year's gift
To my very dearest friend?
I find but one thing in all this town,
That is good enough to send.

And that is a cluster of blossoms bright,
A rose, and a lily's bell,
A violet sweet, an evergreen wreath,
And forget-me-not to tell,

In the mystic language of flowery love,
The words that my heart would say ;
But I cannot trust such delicate things
To the chill of this wintry day.

Then what shall I send to my dearest friend,
To tell how truly I wish
Her a year brimful of happiness—
I will send her a loving kiss.





RECALL.

COME back ! since thou art gone the sun
Shines with but half its glory,
And without thee I find no charm
In picture, song, or story.

Come back ! the fragrance and the bloom
Is half gone from the flowers,
And without thee, how slowly creep
The leaden-footed hours.

Come back ! the house is desolate,
The silent rooms are lonely,
I miss the charm that lingers in
Thy gentle presence only.

Come back ! thy absence strips my life
Of beauty, grace, and lustre,
For O ! so much that makes that life
A joy, about thee clusters.





TO A FRIEND.

SAWNEY, your verses made me cantie,
Ye roose me routh, an' I am vauntie.

Sae, ye "ken na my face," och-on, och-rie!
That I should live to see the day

Ye'd grown sae great wi' news-folk, Sawney,
Ye wad forget your lang syne crony.

Hae ye forgotten Tullochgorum?
Where dwelled a squire o' the quorum?

Ye mind Jock Dunn, wha, was precentor
In Abernethy kirk ae winter?

Ye ken Kate Stewart, an' John M'Nab,
Ye canna hae forgot daft Rab?

Where Liunac water tumblin' fa's
Near Rothemurchus ancient wa's.

And Jean Ross, wha's true love was drowned
Aboon the ford in Frazer's pond:

Fair Jean was for the bridal dressed,
Ca'd was ilk friend an' wedding-guest.

The parson came in bands an' gown,
But Tam came not, an' time wore on.

Puir tremblin' Jean breathed mony a prayer,
She kenned death only kept Tam fra her.

O how her waefu' heart was torn,
When through the yett his corse was borne;

A parcel was clutched in his grasp,
Which his twa death-cauld hands did clasp,

His braw new wedding claes were there,
A ribbon bright, for Jeanie's hair,

A wee bit casket, too, did hold
The wedding-ring o' shining gold.

Sawney, has na that auld tale brought
Back to your mind sic swirls o' thought,

Ye couldna, if ye wad, forget
A' that is worth remembering yet?

Then, Sawney, speir through memory's glen,
Ye'll aiblins find your lang syne friend.

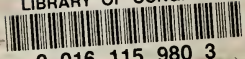


LINES.

WRITTEN IN A YOUNG FRIEND'S ALBUM.

AMONG the pleasures and the joys
Your future may unfold,
This blessing I would ask for you,
When youth's bright days are told,
That you may have one faithful friend
To love you when you're old.

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